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[WHOLE NO. 248]

Without a Reason Why. BY FRANK DOANE.

There is a little maiden sky,
That lives across the rift,
Whose winning ways have won my heart,
And not against its will,
She loves me, but I'm sad tonight,
I'm lonely and I sigh;
My soul is dark, while hope is bright,
Without a reason why.

Her voice, like sacred music, breaks
The silence of my soul,
And thro' its lonely, church-like aisles
Its heavenly echoes roll.
She loves me, yet I'm very sad—
A hardship seems my lot—
Why is it thus?—I should be glad—
Without a reason why.

Reflections from her loving smile
Ere on my spirit now,
Like morning twilight's roseate flush
Upon Aurora's brow,
She loves me, yet a cloud is there,
Across my spirit's sky;
I feel the gloom, when all seems fair,
Without a reason why.

The memory of her merry laugh
Awaits my feeling shakes,
And every impulse of my soul
To ecstasy awakes.
She loves me, yet I have dark fears,
To launch which I try
In vain—they rise and burst in tears,
Without a reason why.

The music of her little feet—
"A joy forevermore!"
In memory, comes echoing
Along the passage-door,
She loves me, yet some sorrows still—
Like specters flitting by—
With all their gloom my soul to fill,
Without a reason why.

The memory of every charm,
That makes her dear to me,
Comes veiling up within my soul
So full of ecstasy.
She loves me, but I'm sad tonight,
I'm lonely and I sigh;
My soul is dark, while hope is bright,
Without a reason why.

A COMPENDIUM OF LAW. NUMBER XXI.

Remainder—Continued.
A remainder to a person not in being, must be limited to some one, that may, by common possibility, be in case at or before the particular estate determines. In an estate to A. for life remainder to the heirs of B. if A. dies before B. the remainder is at an end; but if B. dies first, the remainder then vests—here there is a common possibility of B.'s dying before A. But a remainder to the heirs of B.—if there be no such person as B. in being—is void; for here two contingencies must happen, first that B. shall be born, and second, that he shall die during the continuance of the particular estate; which makes it a most improbable possibility—so a remainder of John's son Dick is void *per rationem*.

Contingent remainders of the first class, should be distinguished from conditional limitations. It is essential to an estate in remainder, that it should wait the regular expiration of the particular estate and should not take effect in possession till that expiration. Thus if land be limited to A. for life, and after his decease to B. and his heirs, B. has a vested estate in fee simple in remainder. During A.'s life, it is expectant upon and waits the expiration of A.'s life estate; at A.'s decease, his life estate regularly expires and then B.'s remainder regularly vests in B. in possession. This is a contingent remainder. But if land be limited to A. for his life, with a proviso, that if C. depart this life in the lifetime of A. the life estate of A. shall cease, and the land immediately vest in B. and his heirs; then, during the joint lives of A. and C.—B. has a contingent right, but has not a contingent remainder. For it is essential to a remainder, to vest in possession on the regular expiration of the particular estate; but in this case, an event is fixed for vesting the estate in possession during the continuance of the estate previously limited to A. If that event happen, the conditional limitation necessarily puts an end to the life estate of A. and vests the land in B.; this shows a marked and substantial distinction between conditional limitations and contingent remainders.

From the third sort of contingent remainders, those must be excepted, where land is limited to a person for a term of years, if he shall

so long live, and after his decease, to another, and the term of years is so long, that by common possibility, the party cannot survive it. As a limitation to A. for 80 years, if B. so long live, remainder to C. in fee, after the death of B.; here, although the remainder is limited to take effect on an event, which may not happen until after the expiration of the 80 years, yet as the chance against such events happening before the expiration of the particular estate, is so small, such remainder shall be considered as vested. This exception may properly be classed under the head of common possibility at the beginning of this essay.

From the fourth class of contingent remainders, those cases must be excepted where land is limited to a person for life, and after his death to his heirs; in such cases, by a rule of law of great antiquity, called the rule in Shelley's case, the inheritance is held to be immediately executed in the ancestor, and therefore not to be in contingency or suspense.

We have seen that in a grant of a fee simple to A., it is necessary to give it to A. and his heirs, and that a grant to A. without any additional words, gives him only an estate for life. Hence the word *heirs* in the first case, are said to be words of limitation, because they limit or describe what interest A. takes by the grant—viz. fee simple, and the heirs take no interest any further than as the ancestor may permit the estate to descend to them. But if a remainder is granted, or estate devised to the heirs of A. where no estate of freehold is at the same time given to A., the heirs of A. cannot take by descent from A.; but he takes by purchase under the grant, in the same manner as if the estate had been given to him by his proper name. Here, the word *heirs* is called a word of purchase. In general, words of purchase are those by which, taken absolutely without reference to or connexion with any other words, the estate first attaches, or is considered as commencing in the person described by them; whilst words of limitation operate by reference to or connexion with other words, and extend or modify the estate given by those other words. This is the line of distinction adopted by Lord Coke and which pervades the terms of the rule in Shelley's case, which is as follows:—

"Where the ancestor takes an estate of freehold either immediate or immediate, to his heirs or the heirs of his body; the word *heirs* is a word of limitation of the estate, and not of purchase." Lord Coke adds "by any gift or conveyance and in the same gift or conveyance there is a limitation," and the remainder is said to be executed in the ancestor, where there is no intermediate estate; or vested, when an estate for life, or *tail inter vivos*. So much of the rule as refers to estates tail, may be discarded as they are not in use here, and the rule will not be affected. It will be observed that a striking distinction is drawn by this rule between an executed and vested remainder; but Sir William Blackstone, uses them as synonymous.

The rule in Shelley's case has generally been considered of feudal origin and introduced to prevent frauds upon the tenure. But Mr. Justice Blackstone in his argument on the case of *Perrin vs. Blake*, held it by no means clear; he was inclined to the belief that it was first established to prompt the inheritance from being in abeyance; and that one principal foundation of it, was to obviate the mischief of too frequently putting the inheritance in suspense. Another foundation he said, might be, and probably was laid in a principle diametrically opposite to the genius of the feudal institutions; namely, a desire to facilitate the alienation of land, and to throw it into the track of commerce one generation sooner, by vesting the inheritance in the ancestor, than if he continued tenant for life, and the heir was declared a purchaser.

An Executory devise of lands is such a disposition of them by will, that thereby no estate vests at the death of the testator, but only on some future contingency. It differs from a remainder in three very material points.—1st. It needs no particular estate to support it. 2nd. By it a fee simple or other less estate may be limited after a fee simple. 3rd. A remainder may be limited of a chattel interest, after a particular estate for life created in the same. A remainder is defined by Lord Coke to be "a remnant of an estate in lands or tenements, expectant on a particular estate,

created together with the same at one time;" so that it will appear, no remainder can be limited of a chattel interest—hence the third difference of an executory devise from it. It is by the Act of 1823 of our Legislature, c. 121; every limitation by deed or writing of a slave or slaves, which limitation, if contained in a last will and testament, would be good and effectual as an executory devise or bequest, shall be a good and effectual limitation in remainder of such slave or slaves, and any limitation made or reserved to the grantor, vendor or donor, in any such deed or writing of a slave or slaves, shall be good and effectual in law. Provided the proper forms are complied with in the conveyance.

Contingent remainders may be defeated, by destroying or determining the particular estate upon which they depend, before the contingency happens by which they become vested. Therefore, where there is tenant for life, with divers remainders in contingency, he may not only by his death, but by alienation, surrender, or other methods, destroy and determine his own life estate, before any of these remainders vest, which defeats them all. In these cases therefore, it is necessary to have trustees appointed to preserve the contingent remainders; in whom there is vested an estate in remainder, for the life of the tenant for life, to commence when his estate determines. If therefore, his estate determines otherwise than by his death, the estate of the trustees, for the residue of his natural life, will then take effect, and become a particular estate in possession, sufficient to support the remainders depending in contingency. This method is said to have been invented by Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Sir Geoffrey Palmer and other eminent council, and is called a *strict settlement*. This is the only mode—except by executory devise—by which a certain and indefeasible provision can be secured to an unborn child. But in the case of articles or covenants before marriage for making a settlement upon the husband and wife and their offspring, if there be a limitation to the parents for life, with remainder to their heirs, the latter words are generally considered as words of purchase and not of limitation and a court of Equity will decree the articles to be executed in strict settlement. G.

Young Love's Desolation. BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Alas! my young and happy dream
Of love and hope is past;
And sorrow's sombre shadows now
Are round my pathway cast;
Yet though all painful is my lot,
This broken heart of mine
Shall be, as long as life shall last,
Thy memory's mournful shrine.

I see the beauties of the spring
Around about me bloom;
I see the fields and fairy flowers
Redolent with perfume;
Yet unto me each scene is but
A phantom of despair;
For thou who wert my life, my all,
No longer now art here.

I low no more at woman's shrine,
For me she smiles in vain;
For one who loves as I have loved,
Can never love again;
Deep buried in my inner heart
Thy memory e'er shall be,
The grave hath closed between our loves,
And death remains for me.

Sympathy. BY J. W. C.

Are you alone, groaning in anguish of spirit
Over troubles you studiously endeavor to conceal
From your wife? The attempt will be
vain. The slightest perceptible change in you
is noticed by her ever watchful eye, the magnetic influence that binds you together, and makes you "one flesh," tells her when you are sorrowing, and saddens her own gentle spirit, she knows not why; yet you confide not in the bosom that has ever been faithful, in the one who yearns to give the earnest of her affection and cheers you with sweet words of sympathy. You wrong the dearest earthly friend you possess, by thus withholding your confidence. She has a right to share your joys and sorrows.

It is a portion of woman's blessed mission, as well her privilege, and her duty, to twine her arm around the neck of him she has sworn

to love and cherish, and assure him, she will remain true; though friends prove false, she will never leave or forsake him. It is here that woman's love and devotion shines brightest, even in the dark night of adversity.

Oh then, add not to her cup of sorrow the thought that she is not deemed worthy to share your confidence in everything which concerns you today; let her be indeed the helpmeet God designed her, the sharer of both your joys and sorrows. And when the cares of the day have cast a shadow on her brow, in return give her the sunshine of your countenance, to chase the shadows away.

Perchance anxiety to please you, or enter to your happiness—or that of the little bundles of trouble God has given you both—brought the troubled look, do not be ashamed, or think it undignified, to press a kiss upon her pure brow at such times, and lighten the burden with your strong arm. Remember she has cares you never dream of, and her gentle heart yearns for sympathy, when a thousand little cares of love and self-denial are unknown, unthought of, and unappreciated by you; and to whom shall she turn but to you, "home of her heart and flesh of her flesh." Be ever ready then, to brighten her pathway with the sunshine of your smile, and when the clouds gather over your head, you will not want a guardian angel whose light step, soft touch, and gentle voice, will enkindle from the flame of love, the dying embers of hope, and bid you be a man even under the shadow of despair.

The Domestic Tyrant. BY INA CLAYTON.

Mr. Kingsley Hansworth was a domestic tyrant, in doors and out of doors. Everything had to succumb to his will; he was a man of few words but from his looks and actions when at home one could easily see he was stubborn as a mule, and for a member of his family to act and do contrary to his wishes was considered by him the chief of sins; and whoever dared to do it might expect a few expletives, and any amount of sullen indignation. If nothing occurred to ruffle the surface of his extremely fine and sensitive organization he could once in a great while bestow a smile or make a nod of approval to his "better half," but these occasions were "few and far between." He had succeeded in bringing her down to the very point of obedience that he deemed expedient in woman and she dared not say ah, yes, or no, unless it was vetoed by him, her lord and master. It was perfectly shocking to behold such meek submission as characterized Mrs. Hansworth's every movement in regard to her husband's wishes and commands. She was previous to her marriage a woman of spirit and possessed a mind of her own, but those days were, past and now what little mind she had left was wholly subject to a higher power.

Once upon a time, however, she had the courage to engage a new servant girl without consulting her liege lord; a thunder cloud ensued and those firm brows were contracted that so served to terrify the poor victim on whom they were bent; at length the dark hideous cloud burst forth.

"Sophronia!"

"Sir!"

"Have I not told you repeatedly to never hire an Irish girl with red hair?"

"But Mr. Hansworth I was so in need of a girl I took up with the first one I could find."

"Turn her away at once," and sure enough Mrs. Hansworth obeyed; what a fool! ha! ha! ha! It was weeks before she could find another servant, or rather he, and poor Mrs. Hansworth toiled until she was worn out and obliged to take her bed. Still not a word of complaint was uttered by her, it was all right, and she was resigned.

Resigned to such a fate! oh ye gods! I would sooner hang a millstone about my neck and be drowned, or bury myself in some lone cave than to be such a dupe to the caprices of another; but Mrs. Hansworth was peculiarly constituted, no doubt, so we will not blame, but rather pity her for not possessing that independent spirit of which some so proudly boast.

In company, or in fact in any place but at home Mr. Hansworth did not betray a tyrannical, overbearing disposition, but on the other

hand was considered a plausible, good tempered man, he also was called a good neighbor. This fact, in itself, must have been aggravating to his wife, and have grated upon her purest feelings, but if it did, no one was the wiser for it. We cannot fully justify Mrs. Hansworth's course in allowing herself to be so trampled upon, yet perhaps she suffered no more in the end than she would had she attempted to stand up for her rights. In that case her life would have been one continual conflict, and it is not probable she would have come off the victor.

We will now speak of Mr. Hansworth's children. He had but two a son and a daughter, two years difference in their ages, the son being the oldest. Horatia his son was possessed of a disposition in striking unison with his father, in fact the two were so much alike they could not live together without a continual clashing and strife. Each knew he was right, and could not be convinced he was wrong. The result was the lad fled from his paternal home when he was nineteen with the determination never to return. This stroke was a heavy one to Mrs. Hansworth, but her husband seemed indifferent as to his son's course. Louise their daughter was a mild gentle-hearted girl whose eyes would drop, and color change, at the least frown or rebuke, from her father, but she married early and was released from the bondage her poor mother was ever destined to bear.

Mrs. Hansworth did not live to be very old, her cruel heart and broken spirit could not always endure, and so she died and they laid her to rest without again seeing her son, who many, many years before deserted his home. After she died Mr. Hansworth was apparently a little softened in his feelings, and his daughter invited him to her home to live, where he spent the remainder of his days; whether he ever felt a twinge of compunction for the course he had taken during his wife's lifetime or whether he felt a desire to again behold his son who abandoned him, we know not, as he was silent on themes like these.

Killing Time. BY JNO. COBB LAPRADE.

Is it not strange that so many young men and even those who have enjoyed every advantage of the school of experience, should glory in the untimely death of their most valuable friends?

Aye! even while I write, I hear one saying:

"Well Bill, what next?"

And the reply,

"Ah—well, I don't know. Any thing to kill time."

And is it a fact, my young friend? Are you going to do any thing and every thing to accomplish the death of that which alone can save your life? Then, sir, you are going to remain seated by the side-walk for an unlimited time yet making every passing object the impartial recipient of your low, vulgar, profane remarks; while your fellow time-murderers are expected to indulge in peals of coarse laughter, as immodest and sinful as the expressions that call them forth. Or you are going deliberately to wend your way to some polluted den of dissipation to gratify appetites and passions that lead directly to disgrace and ruin. Or perhaps you are going to your room to read some vulgar, soul-polluting book, the writing of which has eternally damned its author; then to retire to your bed of repose, consoling yourself that you have thus disposed of one more day. And all this round of sinful existence for what? For the sole—the avowed purpose of killing time. Believe me, sir,—whoever takes pleasure in killing time, will be eternally haunted by its hoary ghost. It is true as gospel that he that killeth time, by time shall be killed—he that improveth his time, by time shall be improved. Aye! Exchange the leud companionship of the street stroller; the dens of frivolity and dissipation, and all evil communications for practices and principles more comely in the sight of God and his people and so far from killing your time you will improve it—so far from being ruined by your own existence you will be improved by it, and so far from cursing the day that gave you birth, you will rejoice at the accomplishment of God's holy will.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

S. C. CONFERENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
The late annual session of the Conference was held at Pleasant Hill in Chatham County. We take the following from the *Christianian* Sun.

The following are the appointments for preaching the ensuing year:

Deep River Circuit—D. T. Deane, to preach at Shady Grove, Shilo, Christian Union, Pleasant Ridge, Brown's Chapel, Park's Roads, Pleasant Grove, New Salem and Aton Ridge.
Moore Circuit—John Goodrich, to preach at Zion, Shallow Well, Gorman's Moore Union and Bell's.

Stokes Circuit—B. N. Hopkins and C. A. Apple, to preach at Salem Chapel, Mount Bethel, Hines' Chapel, Brown's Chapel, Union Street, Gant's Chapel, Park's Street and Pine Ridge.

Cape Fear Circuit—John N. Farrell, to preach at Christian Chapel, Antioch, Pleasant Spring, Wake's Chapel, Pleasant Hill and Utley's School House.

The River Circuit—G. G. Walker, to preach at Mount Auburn, Pope's Chapel, Good Hope, Oak Level, Liberty Hill and Fuller's.

Haw River Circuit—A. G. Anderson, to preach at Lebanon, Canoe, Heath and Mt. Zion.

Bethlehem Station—A. Isley, to preach at Bethlehem, Apple's and New Providence.

Graham Station—E. W. Beale, to preach at New Providence, Union, Pleasant Hill and Graham.

Union Station, Va.—John N. Manning, to preach at Union Chapel.

Midway Station—William S. Long, to preach at Midway.

Pleasant Grove Station—Solomon Apple, to preach at Rebec's Chapel and Liberty Grove.

Newbern Station—P. W. Allen.

R. G. Turner to preach at Raleigh and Union Chapel.

J. W. Wellons, anticipating a removal to the Eastern Virginia Conference, was left without any appointment, at his own request.

There are 40 ministers and 53 churches connected with this Conference, with an aggregate membership of about 1,000.

Four promising young men joined the Conference, and three new churches were received.

Five churches are beginning to manifest more liberality, and ministers who are willing to devote time to the work and attend faithfully to their duties as pastors, may expect in future a more liberal support.

Members among the ministers and lay members of this Conference many men of the first minds in the State, whose labors to advance the cause of liberal Christian principles will be missed.

The meeting concluded with the Conference was continued after the adjournment of the Conference, and we learn, with blessed results. The latest intelligence received was on Wednesday the 17th, the meeting was then going on, 12 or 15 persons had been converted and about 30 penitents were at the altar.

We always rejoice when our business meetings are blessed with revival influence and souls are born to God.

May God's richest blessings rest upon our dear brethren of the North Carolina Conference.

METHODIST SABBATH SCHOOLS.

From the annual report of the Sun Day School Society of the M. E. Church, South, we make the following extracts:

Allowing a reasonable estimate for those Conferences from which no report has been obtained, we had at the close of the year 1853 about 400 Sunday Schools, 31,000 officers and teachers, 165,000 scholars, (including colored) 220,000 volumes in libraries, 25,000 copies of the "Sun Day School Visitor" taken and \$20,000 collected and expended for Sunday School purposes.

The average estimate allowed in the report of last year for the Conferences which sent no returns was found to be too large, and the actual increase for 1853 is ascertained to be about 600 schools, 5,000 officers and teachers, 18,000 scholars, 50,000 bound volumes in the libraries, 5,000 copies of the Sunday School Visitor taken, and \$8,000 collected and expended for Sunday School purposes.

The Sunday School Visitor is constantly increasing in its circulation, having now reached 40,000; and yet it is a shame and mortification to us that it is distributed only in the ratio of one to every six pupils in our Sunday Schools. A copy for each child is really necessary, except where several come from the same family. It would require at least 100,000 copies to meet this demand, and with proper exertions on the part of preachers and people, this number might easily be attained during the present year.

There are probably 500,000 children, of a suitable age to attend the Sunday School, belonging to families that attend our Church ministrations, and probably 100,000 more whose parents attend no Church, but yet are within our reach; so that, instead of 4,000 schools, with 165,000 scholars, we ought to have 14,000 schools and 600,000 scholars!

So we see that, while we have abundant cause for gratitude for what has been done, there yet remains much more to be done. May God help us all, preachers and people, to awake to a sense of our duty in this vast field of Christian effort, and go forward and do it!

THE SWEDENBORGIAN.

The English Swedenborgians held their annual Conference in Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 29th ult. Some forty or fifty ministers and representatives from different parts of the kingdom attended the meetings. This body

devotes much time and attention to day schools some of which stand in the foremost ranks of the Government Inspector's reports; one large school in Manchester in particular. Bequests of money are left from time to time for this purpose, and last year no less than £18,000 was bequeathed, and put at the disposal of "The Conference." They have also numerous Sunday Schools, and support a "Society for printing and publishing the works of Swedenborg." A monthly magazine has a sale of about 5,000 copies, but there are others published by private members. The Church in this country was stated to be more extended than in England. Their numbers, as yet by no means large, are said to be increasing.

UNITARIAN MISSIONS.

The Unitarians, at their annual convention in New Bedford last week, resolved that \$30,000 ought to be contributed for their missionary purposes before the 27th day of May next, and chose a committee of fifteen to co-operate with the Executive Board of the American Unitarian Association in raising the sum for the expenses of the Board. They also voted to invite Rev. James Martineau, of Liverpool, to deliver one of the discourses at the next annual meeting, which is to be held in Boston, and chose Rev. Dr. Walker as the second preacher for next year.

MEMBER OF A MISSIONARY BY INDIANS.

Judge Greenough, commissioner of Indian Affairs, has been selected by the Secretary of the Interior a letter from Mr. Robinson, superintendent of Indians, giving information of the murder of Rev. M. S. Bragdon, a missionary to the Crow Indians, by a party of Ojibwa Sioux.

PRESBYTERIANS.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the American Board of Missions was recently held in Tremont Temple, Boston. The treasurer's report was read acknowledging \$119,000 received, canceling the debt of \$60,000, and leaving over \$1,100 in the treasury. Reports were read by the secretary concerning the missions, which are generally prosperous. The annual sermon was preached to an overflowing house by Rev. S. W. Fisher, D. D. His subject was "The manifest design of Providence to make the American a missionary nation." It is estimated that 6,000 friends of the Board were entertained as guests of the citizens of Boston. During the fifteen years of the American Board of Foreign Missions ending July 31, 150,000 souls have given evidence of conversion in connection with the mission, an average of 1,000 conversions for each year.

UNIVERSAL ISRAELITE ALLIANCE.

A new "Universal Israelite Alliance" was formed in Paris, intended to embrace the whole world. Its object is to bind the Jews together, so as to promote their general emancipation and progress. This alliance will tend to foster a feeling of unity among the Jews, and may lead to important consequences. The programme of the alliance has been recently published. The alliance is intended to be a centre of universal reference for all that concerns the position of the Jews, the exceptional laws under which they suffer, the acts of oppression of which they are the victims, the efforts which they make to free themselves from a galling yoke, or, to lighten it, the assistance which they need.

SYNOD OF BALTIMORE.

The Synod of Baltimore (O. S. Presbyterian) — composed of the Presbyteries of Baltimore, Carroll, Winchester, Lewis and Potomac, numbering 132 churches, 163 ministers and 11,410 communicants—was opened in the Bridge-Street Church, Georgetown, D. C., on Wednesday evening, October 17th, with an eloquent discourse from Rev. A. C. Heaton, of Prince's Anne county, Md.

Rev. Dr. Cyrus Dickson, of Baltimore, was elected Moderator; Rev. Mr. Sample, of Bedford, Carlisle Presbytery, and Rev. Mr. White of Berryville, Winchester Presbytery, were chosen temporary Clerks; Rev. Dr. Gurley, of Washington, remains State Clerk.

The churches composing this Synod represent portions of the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, and the District of Columbia. In their Sabbath schools and Bible classes they have nearly 9,000 children under regular instruction. Last year these churches contributed as follows: Domestic missions, \$8,700; foreign, \$7,011; education, \$1,070; publication, \$1,875; church extension, \$3,793; Presbyterial, \$1,132; Congregational, \$107,733; miscellaneous, \$12,120. Total, \$126,836.

SYNOD OF VIRGINIA.

At the Saturday session of the Virginia Old School Presbyterian Synod, at Lynchburg, the Board of Publication reported that in the issue of Hymn Books there was a saving to the Church of \$200,000 annually, and that 202 Colporteurs were employed actively.

RETURN OF THE JEWS.

The Sultan of Turkey is encouraging Jewish emigration to Palestine. It is expected that under the inducements offered large numbers of the Jews will resort to their ancient home.

LATEST JESUITICAL FRAUD.

Mr. James W. Kavanagh, Professor in the Roman Catholic University of Ireland and late Head Inspector of National Schools, has published what he calls "A New Edition, improved and corrected, of Webster's Dictionary," in which, under Webster's name, he introduces most extreme Ultramontane Popish doctrines. According to him, "Pope" is defined "the supreme visible head of the Church," "Apocrypha," "books of Scripture, the canonically

of which Protestants deny." "Marriage," "the sacramental union of man and woman for life." "Baptism," "a sacrament which renders original sin." "Heresy," "dogma or error contrary to the Catholic faith." "Liturgy," "a form of prayer invoking the saints." "Indulgences," "remission of the punishment due to sin granted by the Church."

Make a note of Kavanagh's edition of Webster's Dictionary.

SELF-POSSESSION IN MOMENTS OF PERIL.

About the year 1778, Mr. Cecil was appointed to two small livings and Lewes, in Sussex. At this time a very singular Providence occurred to him, on his way from London to serve these churches. He was retained in town till noon, in consequence of which he did not arrive on East Grinstead common till after it was dark. On this common he met a man on horseback, who appeared to be intoxicated, and ready to fall from his horse. Mr. Cecil, with his usual benevolence, rode up to him to prevent his falling, when the man immediately seized the reins of his horse. Mr. Cecil, perceiving that he was in bad hands, endeavored to break away; but the man threatened to knock him down if he repeated the attempt. Three other men immediately rode up, placing Mr. Cecil in the midst of them. On perceiving his danger, it struck him, "Here is an occasion of faith," and that direction occurred to him, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee." He secretly lifted up his heart to God, imploring the deliverance which he alone could give. One of the men, who seemed to be captain of the gang, asked him who he was, and whether he was going. Mr. Cecil told him very frankly his name and profession. The leader said, "Sir, I know you, have heard you preach at Lewes, let the gentleman's horse go; we wish you good night." Mr. Cecil had about him £16 of Queen Anne's bounty, belonging to his churches, which he had been to London to receive, and the loss of which would have been to him, at that time, a large sum; yet his person and property were, alike, untouched.

An incident in the early life of Thomas Barchell, a devoted missionary to the West Indies, is even more striking than that just mentioned. Mr. Barchell was, in early life, a cloth manufacturer, in the west of England. His first piece of cloth he sold to a person in Bristol, who, a few days afterwards, was reported to be on the point of insolvency. With the energy which characterized him throughout his whole life, he determined, if possible, to regain legal possession of the property, of which, it appeared, he was about to be defrauded. It occurred to him that, by walking all night, he should be in Bristol some hours earlier than if he waited for the coach, which did not start till morning. He therefore, set out at once, and had walked nearly twenty miles by daybreak. He now approached the Severn, at a point where he expected to find some one who would ferry him over. As he pushed it, he saw a boat push off hastily from the land; he landed the crew, but they only plied their oars the more vigorously, and was soon out of hearing.

Looking around, he saw another boat, just pulling out, and feeling that, if he did not succeed in gaining a passage in her, he should fail of attaining the object for which he had made such efforts, he used all the means in his power to attract the attention of the boatmen and induce them to return. It soon became evident that they had noticed him, and seemed debating whether they should return or not. He, at length, had the satisfaction of seeing them pull for the shore. As they approached, it struck him that he had never seen five such desperate-looking ruffians. After some objection on their part, they told him to get in. He had not long done so, before he found he was in most undesirable company. They began whispering together, and the few words he caught, showed him that he was in extreme peril. He then perceived that they were steering in the opposite direction to that in which he wished to go. He spoke to them of this, when one of their number—an Irishman—openly and resolutely avowed their intention of murdering him. They all, then, set up a loud shout, in continuation of their purpose, as though to urge one another on to the deed.

From their horrid oaths and avowed intentions, he found now that they took him for a spy, in the preventive service, and he perceived some kegs of spirit, covered with straw, in the bottom of the boat. It was in vain that he assured them that they were mistaken in their suspicions; they only renewed their imprecations and threats of immediate and signal vengeance. Finding that they could not be thus intimidated, he ceased, and began to speak with them of God, a judgment and eternity. After speaking in this strain for some little while, he observed the countenance of one of them to relax, and a tremor to pass over the frame of another. Still, they did not alter the boat's course, but continued steadily rowing in the wrong direction.

He then addressed each one, solemnly and separately, and this with so much evident sincerity and deep feeling, that the captain of the crew cried out—"I say, I can't stand this. I don't believe he is the man we took him for. We must let him go. Where do you want to be put, sir?" The traveler replied that he wished to be taken up the Avon, as far as Bristol. The man said that they could not go so far as that, as they dared not pass Pill, but that they would take him as far as possible, and put him in a way to continue his journey

by the shortest route. He thanked them, and begged them to make the utmost speed, as his business was urgent. Finding them so subdued, he spoke to them of their sinful lives, and pointed them to Christ as their Savior. They all appeared impressed by his statements and conduct, and not only refused what he had stipulated to pay as fare, but offered to forward a keg of spirits to any place he would mention—an offer which was, of course, declined. On landing, one of the men accompanied him to a farm-house, and induced the occupant to drive him to Bristol. He, by these means, succeeded in reaching his journey's end at an early hour, and in regaining possession of the greater part of his property.

Even had the results of this perilous boat-voyage stopped here, it would have afforded a striking instance of the blessings which attend Christian fidelity and boldness springing from a sense of God's presence and access to him in prayer. But more remains to be told. Many years afterwards, on Mr. Barchell's return from Jamaica, he was at a small village, in the neighborhood of Cheddar Cliffs, when a man accosted him, offering him his hand, and appeared surprised that he was not recognized. It proved to be the smuggler who had guided Mr. Barchell to the farm-house. After some conversation, he said, "Ah, sir, after your talk, we none of us could follow that trade again. I have since learned to be a carpenter, and am doing very well in this village, and attend a chapel three or four miles off. And our poor captain never forgot to pay for you, till his dying day. He was quite an altered man, took his widowed mother to live with him, and became a good husband, a good father and a good neighbor. Before, every one was afraid of him, he was such a desperate fellow; afterwards, he was as tame as a lamb. He opened a little shop for the maintenance of his family, and, what was better still, held prayer meetings in his house. The other three are now in a merchant vessel, and are very steady and well behaved."

Rarely has there been a more striking instance of heroism, calmness and presence of mind, inspired and sustained by Christian faith, than in the conduct of a peasant's wife, in the Peak of Derbyshire, quoted by Howitt, an authority of a minister of the Society of Friends, who was personally acquainted with the facts of the case. It is likewise recorded by Wilson Armstrong, in a volume published with the sanction of the same body. We give it in an abridged form:

In one of the thinly-peopled dales of the Peak of Derbyshire, stood a lone house, far from neighbors, inhabited by a farmer and his wife. Such is, or was wont to be, the primitive simplicity of this district, that it was usual for persons to go to bed without taking any precaution to bolt or bar the doors, in the event of any of the inmates not having come home at the usual hour of retiring to rest. This was frequently the practice with the family in question, especially on market days, when the farmer, having occasion to go to the nearest town, often did not return till late. One evening, when the husband was absent, the wife being up stairs, heard some one open the door and enter the house. Supposing it to be her husband, she lay awake, expecting him to come up stairs. As the usual time elapsed, and he did not come, she arose and went down, to her terror and astonishment, she saw a sturdy fellow searching the house for plunder. At the first view of him, as she afterwards said, she felt ready to drop; but, being naturally courageous, and of a deeply religious disposition, she soon recovered sufficient self-possession to suppress the cry which was rising to her lips, to walk, with apparent firmness, to a chair which stood opposite, and seat herself in it. The intruder immediately seated himself in another chair, which stood opposite, and fixed his eyes upon her with a most savage expression. Her courage was almost spent; but, recollecting herself, she put a prayer to the Almighty for protection, and threw herself upon his providence, for "vain was the help of man." She immediately felt her courage revive, and looked steadfastly at the ruffian, who now drew a large clasp knife from his pocket, opened it, and with a murderous expression in his eyes, appeared ready to spring upon her. She, however, showed no visible emotion, but continued to pray earnestly, and to look upon the man with calm serenity. He, once glanced first at her, then at the knife; again he seemed to hesitate, and wiped his weapon upon his hand; then, once more glanced at her—she, all the while, continuing to sit, calmly, calling earnestly upon God. Suddenly a panic appeared to seize him; he blenched beneath her still, fixed gaze, closed his knife and went out. At a single spring she reached the door, shut the bolt, with a convulsive rapidity, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered, she recognized her husband's well known step at the door, and heard him calling out in surprise at finding it fastened. Rising, she admitted him, and, in tones tremulous with agitation and gratitude, told him of her danger and deliverance.

The above incidents, illustrative of the power of prayer to sustain the mind in the most critical emergencies, cannot fail, we think, to convince any candid mind of the existence of an ever-watching and ever-working Providence. We do not, however, think God to be "altogether such an one as ourselves," and do not expect him to reverse his laws for our sakes. If the saint or the sage recklessly violates the laws of nature, or rather the laws of God in nature, the insulted laws will avenge themselves in its destruction. Even the Eternal Son would not tempt the Lord by casting himself down from the pinnacle of the temple. Nevertheless, the ancient promise stands good, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." This is to say, if, in obedience to the will of God, we have for signal and providential deliverances; and that, not through the powers of nature disobeying their own laws, but through other powers in nature opportunistically interposing to stop, to turn aside, or otherwise to modify their operation. The volcano may burst, the tempest may rage, and the cliff may fall as instant before or an instant after the time when these events might have been followed by fatal consequences; or, some passing impulse of feeling may have hurried the individual away; or, some other power of nature may have hastened to shelter or defend him—and all by a special arrangement, intended by God from the very beginning." It is, then, either ignorance or perverse misrepresentation on the part of the deniers of Providence, to charge those who believe it, with expecting continued miracles. The distinction between the two is broad and clear. The age of miracles is past—the age of Providence continues. "This is, in fact," says Isaac Taylor, "the miracle of Providence—that no miracles are needed to accomplish its purpose."—*Methodist Pictorial*.

Discovery of a Cave in Florida.

The following account of the discovery of a remarkable cave in Florida is from a correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*.

The structure of the under stratum of rock and earth in Florida is everywhere to a great extent, indeed, as far as explorations have been made the ground presents the appearance of a honey comb, on account of the numerous cavities which are found to exist. These indentations in the surface of the earth called "sinks" abound here—some of them dry, and others partially filled with water, while rivers disappear under the ground and are seen no more. Florida is not only "the land of flowers," but also the land of wanderers. A few days ago Mr. Henry Wooten and myself started on a hunting expedition, with the intention of camping on several days. On Saturday, the 25th day of September, we pursued a deer into a hammock and attempting to ride through it, Mr. Wooten's horse stumbled into a small sink. While Mr. Wooten was endeavoring to extricate his horse, I dismounted, and was engaged in examining a curious pile of stones which had attracted my attention. On one of them I found an inscription, as if graven with some steel instrument, but nearly obliterated by the ravages of time.

Mr. Wooten by this time had led his horse safely out of the sink, and, on rejoining me, said he had discovered a cave. After vainly endeavoring to decipher the strange inscriptions which I had found, we each collected an armful of pine wood to serve for torches. On arriving at the entrance we saw by the light of our torches that the bottom of the cavern was several feet below us. Handling my torch to my friend, I prepared to descend which I accomplished with ease, the rocks serving as steps. Wooten then handed me down a small lot of light wood and a torch, and prepared to descend further. We now found ourselves in a subterranean passage, ten feet high and fifteen wide. We pursued this passage for nearly half a mile, it growing larger at every step, and appearing to descend into the earth by an easy inclination, when we unexpectedly found ourselves in a cave of immense extent. We explored it in every direction, sometimes entering small caverns which led off from the main cave. We finally entered a sort of square doorway, and found ourselves in a cavern of most beautiful appearance, the reflection of our lights against the sides, producing a magnificent effect. For the first time in my life I felt the full force of that beautiful description which Goldsmith has given of the grotto of Antiquaries.

But the most wonderful thing that met our view in this cave was a Latin inscription, graven in the solid rock. The inscription stated that a party of Danes had visited this cave in the year 1053, and that a priest who had accompanied them, had left this memorial of their visit. The name of this priest was Marcus Poleson. It also stated that these bold navigators had embarked on a voyage of exploration, and had been driven far south; also that they had visited many large islands, and finally had landed in a thickly populated country, where the people received them kindly, thinking them superior beings; that several of their number, together with some Greek artisans and two priests, had been left there as a colony. This is the substance of the inscription as it could be deciphered. Now, does not this suggest an important inquiry to the antiquarian? Is it not probable that the islands mentioned were the west Indies, and may not the country where they landed be Mexico? We all know that the ancient Mexicans had a tradition that about four hundred years before the landing of Cortez in that country "Children of the Sun," with white faces, came to them and taught them the arts of civilization. Is it not probable that this colony of Danes and Greeks, with their two Latin priests, were the persons referred to by tradition? Perhaps many buried secrets concerning the early history of America may be revealed by that strange device.

This wonderful cave is easy of access, and situated a few miles from the Florida Railroad, and about ten miles from Waldo.

A Sonnet.—To Lillie.
BY RANSOM GUILLEY.

Who said, "There is some one that loves thee?"
To-night, sweet one, with fancy free,
I look across life's murky sea,
Where storms defy all control,
Where waves of sorrow sweep my soul,
And there I see a lovely star,
Pale, twinkling in the space afar,
Within whose light through clouds so dear,
I read the name of Lillie dear.

Yet Lillie dear, 'tis sweet to know
That in this vale of sin and woe,
Where cruel time doth oft destroy
Our every hope of earthly joy,
We have a friend, a friend like you,
Who'll love us with devotion true,
When all our thoughts of sweet depart,
And sorrow reigns throughout the heart!

There's not a lonely, blushing flower
In Eden's wild, secluded bow,
That I do not have for thee to bloom,
That I do not have for thee to bloom,
Along the pathway to the tomb;
Or not a joy to mortals given,
From angel who reigns above in Heaven,
That I do not have for thee to share,
Which makes thee sad, sweet Lillie dear.

When not a beam of light appears,
To guide my path through stormy fears,
When all my soul despair is cast,
And hope seems buried with the past;
Oh! then I'll be a holy thought,
A bliss that heavenly souls are taught,
In knowing that I have a friend,
Whose faithful love shall never end.

And when I mingle with the tide,
In halls of fashion and of pride,
To stand an hour in social mirth,
To smile and smile who live on earth,
To feel the sun's warm rays on my face,
To feel the sun's warm rays on my face,
To feel the sun's warm rays on my face,
To feel the sun's warm rays on my face.

It does not trouble from the height
Of heaven's broad canopy—
Neither illumines the moonless night,
This star that shines for me.

It sends a light more glorious far
Into my heart and eyes,
Than all the sparkling stars that shine
Up in the jeweled skies.

It is a being that doth move,
And live and breathe like me,
I know no light, no star but this
Star of my destiny.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

By the Author of "Arnold, the Student," "Ruth Warren," "A Story of the Revolution," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.
Bloss and Bitterness.

MR. HAYES, whose unexpected visit to Rosemont was noticed in the last chapter, was no longer a colporteur, though he was still the same earnest laborer in the cause of truth. He was now a partner in a publishing house of some note in the city of Philadelphia. His strenuous exertions and his own worthiness had brought him into notice, and friends had secured for him a situation, in which he might still battle nobly in behalf of truth and right, and yet live more comfortably and happily.

A man of virtue and principle will ever find fast friends and fond admirers. He who strives manfully with misfortune, will overcome. He who fights firmly, will find upholders. The skies may be dark, the pathway may be shadowed, but clouds will flee, and day will burst in with new beauty. The biting wind, the cold rain, the scolding cloud, are succeeded by clear skies, genial sunshine and pleasant breezes. The morn that is ushered with golden sunlight and glittering beauty, is far more lovely as it succeeds the day of darkness and the night of weeping. Cheer up, whoever you may be, that struggle with adverse skies; for you shall be prosperous journeys and fair winds. Let not the heart despair, for the stars even bless the night, and blushing morn follows darkness.

Mr. Hayes, after three years of diligent labor and ardent toil, was granted a reprieve, and a rest from business. The fair skies of the sunny south invited to bask in the rich sunlight of pleasure and happiness, over which his blue arches were spread. He had been in occasional correspondence with William Richardson, and had often been pressed to see the beauties of the new home, and he was too willing to gratify this request. Now an opportunity was offered, and he hastened to fulfil a long-cherished desire.

He lingered with that circle a week, and his heart was rich with joy. His duties bade him return, and it was the evening before he would bid them good-bye. The whole family were gathered together in the little parterre that separated the beautiful grove from the cottage. It was near sunset, and the effulgence and splendor of the west were beyond description.

"Miss Alice," said Hayes, "William took me to a cliff yonder, where the western sky could be seen. Will you go with me thither?"

"Certainly," said she.

The rest of the party were loath to follow. Johnny and Fannie laughed at the idea of seeing the sunset, while William and his mother returned to the house.

The two walked slowly and alone. When they reached the cliff, the burning sun had just set, and the glories of the sky were fast fading.

"Miss Alice," said Hayes, "a month or two more than three years ago, my brightest joy seemed to have just set, and all my hopes and prospects and brilliant anticipations seemed to be fading away fast and forever. My heart seem-

ed crushed, and my spirits depressed. One after another, I saw two sisters, a brother and a mother laid in the cold grave. Then my father, oh! I cannot tell that. Last of all, I saw the remains of the dear one to my heart, covered with the damp chilling clod. My life was weary, and I fear, I murmured. No one was left to love or pity me. I came to your father's house, and once again found friends. Oh! I shall never forget the sweetness of the bliss, which I felt in the few happy hours I spent there. My life became more like life, and happiness once more blessed my soul. I have learned to love again, and may I tell you whom I love?"

Alice's cheeks burned, and her ears tingled. Yet, why should they? He had not told her his love, and she could not presume it. She blushed at her own weakness, and with faltering tongue, she bid Mr. Hayes to speak.

"It is you, my fair Alice," said Mr. Hayes. And then he told her the history of that love, and with what diligence he had fostered its growth. He told her, that oft when Ledgers and Daybooks were piled high around him, his thoughts would wander back to a happy hour, he had spent with her, or forward to hopes he hardly dared to cherish, and yet how he loved to linger in this dream-life. He asked, too, that she would bless his heart with her face, and light up his life with her smile.

Alice was but too happy in this wealth of love; and though her faltering tongue could not whisper back her own heart, yet the bright smile, and the glistening eye told the story, and the cheeks lit up with blushes and joy, answered as lovingly and sweetly, as ready ward.

Hayes returned, with a joyful heart, leaving a heart no less joyful.

The fall and winter passed, and spring came again with its sunshine and flowers. But in Florida, the flowery land, the flowers blossom ever; yet brighter hues and more varied colors are brought with the richer and warmer sunshine of spring and summer. The cup of happiness was still full at Rosemont; oh! how must our pen be dipped in the gall of the ink, to tell the grief that must mingle with that cup.

William was sauntering down the street of Howardton, and entered the hotel, for what reason he knew not. Glancing rapidly over the registry, his eye met with a name that thrilled him as he read. It was that of Charles Olney, Jr. The surprise of the two, as they met, was indescribable. With cordiality William asked his friend to take his lodging with him, and spend a week or more in the quiet village. Both were very much surprised, yet very much pleased at this unexpected meeting, and both were full of inquiries.

Olney seemed very much pleased, too, with the beauty of the village, for its fame had gone far and wide, and the richness and luxury of Rosemont attracted his especial attention.

Charles Olney looked very much as he did, when William first knew him. Except, perhaps, the appearance of the sadness which overcast his features, and the deep crease which he wore, he seemed still bold, ardent and talented. No one could look upon that face without sympathizing with him, or observe the quick flashing of that eye without admiring. When he was introduced to the family of William Richardson, no one there could restrain an earnest look upon the handsome face and handsome form.

It was in the afternoon of a beautiful day, when Olney and Richardson were alone. William asked the cause of Olney's grief.

"Ah, Richardson," said Charles, "it is not so much the death of a loved parent that grieves me so; but my heart is vacant. I feel weary of living, and I cannot engage in any employment with zest. I have wandered through the North and through the South, through your boasted Valley of Virginia, and have visited the 'gem of the Antilles,' and yet have found no happiness."

"The old heathen philosophers," answered William, "recommend that those who cannot enter with pleasure into any occupation, force themselves into active employment, and they say that the zests come afterwards. Now, you are a lawyer, and know a good deal about Virginia law; suppose you attempt to recover the family property which we were obliged to leave in Richmond. I examined the papers relative to the estate, and thought the case was hopeless, but entrusted it to a lawyer of reputation there. It has been in his hands, thus far and nothing decisive has been done, and the matter seems as uncertain now, as when he undertook the case."

Olney seemed right much interested, and inquired the name of the advocate, who had the case in hands.

"His name is Patterson," was the reply.

"Patterson! Indeed, I knew not that George Patterson would settle in Richmond, and rise to reputation. He is a good, trustworthy man; but I would be glad to associate myself with him in the case. It will give me some employment, and interest me."

"I will be very glad if you will, my friend," replied William, "and I hope it will relieve your spirits."

The little bell rang for supper, and the gathering around the table was brighter, because of the smile on Olney's face. All had taken a deep interest in him, not only on account of what his father had done for the family, but for his own talent and his sadness. Nor was Olney's heart any way callous, and light beamed in on his soul from Alice's smile and Fannie's merry joke.

A few days passed away, and Olney was in the office of Geo. Patterson, Counselor at Law, busy among ponderous tomes and endless writings. The little circle at Rosemont was blessed with frequent intelligences, that

the estate, though much endangered, was still not lost, and six months were measured out to the span of each, and Olney returned.

His triumphant smile and happy face told well enough the success of his labor. Once again, his life was happy. But why lingered he with that circle?

The poet tells a story of a bird, that remembered favors. The naturalist says, too, that the song of the linnet is much more joyous at the place of nativity, around which, perhaps, it has tender associations and sweet memories. And is it not thus with the loving heart? Where happiness crowns the hour, where love blesses the weary soul, there does the heart love to linger. The sweet joys of memory, the tender ties of happy hours, are refreshing, and the soul loves to dwell among them.

But a stronger attachment than that of association bound Olney to Rosemont. The sweet face and loving heart of Alice engaged his attention, nor he could resist the encroachments of the petty tyrant. The form of Alice filled the once vacant heart, and he loved to dream of blessedness. He showed, too, his feelings, and Alice trembled at his advances were made. Yet she could not forbid these advances, for she could not regard the fine form and features, the brightness and strength of intellect, and the noble traits of heart with admiration. Day after day glided by, and slowly yet surely the goal was approaching. They seemed moments to Olney in his revels of bliss, but to Alice they were weeks. And when at last Charles asked her love, could she refuse? When he told her of the rich joy he had felt in loving her, the sweetness and happiness which he had felt in her presence, and asked the blessing of that presence to light his pathway, which would be so dreary without that holy light, could she refuse?

Aye! she did refuse, but in that refusal there was much of reluctance and unwillingness. At least, thus the wounded heart of Olney thought. A month flew its weary round, and again Olney returned. Again the same proposals were made, but with more ardor and diligence. Alice was more gracious this time, and promised to consider it, and would reply in two weeks.

"Shorten the time, please, Miss Alice," said Olney, entreatingly.

"I cannot, Mr. Olney," said Alice, in a decisive and stately manner.

How long were those weeks to Olney! How slowly did they seem to pass away! How impatiently did he wait the appointed season!

To Alice Richardson they were much longer. And oh! the anguish and bitterness of her soul. She mentioned her situation to that circle, which used to be always ready to sympathize with the distressed; yet even it seemed cold to her, and shut her grief in her own heart. For, said it, it is a question of duty which only she could decide. She had pledged her faith to Frank, and her love to him seemed more holy and pure. She knew, too, that the world would say that she married for wealth and family, should she consent to become the bride of Charles. Yet how could she spurn that wealth of love, which he poured out at his feet? How could she slight those weighty claims which he had upon her? Could it not be ungrateful and unjust to pass by those obligations? She had noticed, too, the growth of love and happiness in that blighted heart, how it had been fostered under her smile. Could she crush all this hope and happiness, in one, who had so benefited her?

How often is woman charged unjustly for crimes, for which man would not blush! Could those who impute falsity in keeping the trying pledge, or lightness and giddiness in making sacred promises, feel the yearnings of their soul, or taste of the bitterness of the anguish of those sad hours, they would rapidly withdraw their charge. By so much as the frame of woman is more frail than that of man, by so much as the love of woman is more tender and more holy, by so much as is their grief deeper. For who can number the countless signs of bitter weep, the burning tears, the deep groans, and the sad moments of anguish and sorrow! The tender love of woman is too strong to be broken suddenly or lightly! The heart is too warm to chill another's without cause!

The two weeks passed by at length, though they dragged so slowly. Alice wrote a note to Hayes to ask a release from the contract. She told him she would never love him, though she felt it her duty to marry another; and she pledged her truth to Olney.

Alice seemed to be happy, and she felt happy in the performance of duty, yet amidst all the joy, bitter moments would come in, bitter moments not of regret, but of remembrance.

The nuptials were to be completed within two months after the betrothal. The hour was fast approaching, and the plan proposed, was that, after a short stay in Havana, the married couple would return to Rosemont, and from that place, would return to the old family mansion with the whole circle. These were pleasant anticipations for the happy family, and they looked forward to a life of happiness and joy.

They were at last married. The whole village was in attendance, for every one admired the noble and manly groom, and loved the tender and womanly bride. The old were happy in the happiness of others; the young were happy in picturing the scenes of a bright and loving life. The old were there to give their blessing and benedictions, the young were there, that they might tell their love and gratitude. A happy pathway was marked out for them, a bright future was presaged.

It was all over, and the morning would find them launched upon the broad ocean. Shall we follow them across the waters to that gem of the Antilles, or mingle with the scenes of gay-

ety there? Let these scenes be pictured by the imagination.

CHAPTER V.
Grief.

The bridal party had returned, and again the smiling face of Alice lit up the circle gathered in the parlor at Rosemont. There was no one there but those that rightly belonged to the family. Charles had varied his plan somewhat, and had determined to go alone to Richmond, and reft the old mansion according to his own taste. He had promised to leave one room, however, as in the times of yore, sacred to the memory: it was the sitting room, and was to have still the same old heavy lamp-stand, and to be lighted with the soft light of the same lamp.

Happy and bright were the anticipations entertained. Even Alice was more joyful than she had been since her return. She joined with zest in the hopeful and gay conversation.

Too often, however, her joy was mockery, and her laugh, hollow and feigned. She found out, too late, that her love for Charles was but admiration, and it seemed as if she could not learn to love him. Yet she tried to be happy in his love; and joy would break in upon the gloom of her soul, when she felt his loving caress or heard his soft whisper. She knew that his love was strong and burning, and perhaps yet she would love him.

It had been a week, since Charles left Rosemont. Already had one letter informed of his success thus far, and he expressed his hope that he would see them comfortably settled around the same old hearth in a fortnight. Another letter was expected, but the mail for the night had been opened, and no letter was received.

"He wishes to surprise us," said Alice, "and will steal upon us unawares; I will not look for another letter, but wait until he comes to take us home."

"I wish that I could be so hopeful," said Mrs. Richardson, "yet I must not discourage you."

"What do you fear, mother?" asked William.

"Mr. Richardson seemed to think that the old mansion could never be recovered, if it passed out of his hands."

William looked a little troubled.

"Oh! mother," said Fannie who was now just eighteen, bursting into all the beauty of womanhood, "the news is too good for you to believe it; but you will find it out to be true, when we are happy in the same old mansion."

Fresh and lithe is the young man in his strength; fresh and gleesome is the heart in its youth, and its joys come fast and thick. Merry anticipations and bright hopes, with memories of happy scenes, make up the glad life of the youthful heart.

A week had elapsed, and still no letter from Charles came, but at that time a large package rather than a letter reached the circle at Rosemont. How their eyes glowed over its ample size, and scrutinized the handwriting and postmark. It was from Richmond, that could not be doubted; yet the handwriting was not familiar. What different suppositions did each one propose? How often did the heart palpitate with suspense, perhaps with fear!

Fannie's solution seemed most plausible.

"Mr. Olney wishes to surprise us as far as possible, and has gotten a stranger to direct the package."

After thus noticing everything connected with the exterior of the letter, William proceeded to open it; for though it was directed to "Mrs. Charles Olney," still it was considered as family property and was to be read publicly to the circle.

The envelope was torn open, and what a sight met the eye! William recoiled and sank back into his chair, pale and bloodless, when he saw the nature of the contents. His eye first caught the caption of a newspaper article which read: "The late duel at Bladensburg. The death of Charles Olney, Jr., Esq." William could not read the sad announcement, and the whole family gathered around his chair, when they saw his whiteness and fear. Fannie uttered a piercing shriek as her eye caught the line which made William sink back in fear and tremor. Alice was calm apparently, but exceedingly pale, while Mrs. Richardson sobbed violently. Even Johnny who never seemed to grieve, wept aloud, and yet his curiosity induced him to pry farther. It was this handling of the multitude of mysterious papers which were yet unfolded in William's hands, that roused him from his dream, and showed to him his situation. Shaking off his fear, he proceeded to read, though with tearful eye and quivering lip, the different papers as they presented themselves.

The first which he read was an article from the Baltimore Sun:

"We understand that the duel which took place this morning at Bladensburg, has resulted in the death of Charles Olney, Jr., Esq., an advocate, of the city of Richmond. Mr. Olney had but lately moved to that city, but had already been esteemed on account of his high attainments and striking abilities, and was rapidly rising in popular favor. His death will be known, this sad news will touch many hearts."

The origin of the duel, as far as we can ascertain, was in a controversy between Mr. Ashburne and the lamented Olney concerning the old mansion, which was the property of the late A. W. Richardson, Esq., of Richmond. It appears that at Mr. Richardson's decease, he was considerably indebted to Mr. Ashburne, and other contingencies rendered the tenure by which the house was held by the family of Mr. Richardson exceedingly slender. The case had been in litigation for three years, and as the prospects for the recovery of the estate by Mr. Richardson's family brightened, Mr. Olney

(who is connected with that family) claimed possession, and was proceeding to reft the house.

"This occurrence is much to be regretted by all, and especially by those, who were acquainted with the promising talent of the young advocate, and it is to be hoped, will serve as a warning against that means of settling difficulties which is becoming so dangerously popular."

Bladensburg! Oh! who can tell the horrors that hang around that single word! Who can recount the endless suffering which has been caused by that field of blood! Oh! the anguish of the wounded heart of the widowed and distressed by polite murder and honorable suicide! And may not the noble blood that blushes in every rose of Bladensburg, be a sad warning against this fashionable iniquity?

There was a long letter from Mr. Patterson, relative to the sad affair, and a note from Olney with a tress of his raven hair. We will present the first to the reader at present.

—Richmond, January —, 18—.

Madam:—It becomes my sad duty to announce to you the melancholy news of your husband's death. Mr. Olney had been associated with me in some cases of interest and importance, and I quickly found out, as all who knew him, as quickly did, his sociable virtues, his high attainments and his enviable abilities; and even during his stay here, which was so short and unexpected, he had made firm and admiring friends.

Though details of such a sad occurrence would be distressing to you, yet I know that they would be of the deepest interest to you; and harrowing as it would be to my feelings to relate these details to you, yet it is a duty which I owe to his nearest and dearest friends, and I should transgress the bounds of propriety and sympathy, if I did not pay this tribute to his wishes.

Perhaps it was eight months ago, that I saw Olney for the first time since I left the law-school, at which he afterwards graduated with distinction. He came with a commission from Mr. William Richardson, your brother, to be engaged in the case of Ashburne vs. Richardson. I willingly received him as an associate, because I knew his abilities would advance the cause, and though at that time I could nearly see my case through, yet his aid was timely and efficient. He was very sanguine of success, and left my office six months after he entered it. He considered the case as gained, and bore that intelligence, as he told me, to your family. Two weeks ago he returned, and though the case had not been decided in court relative to the estate, yet he was certain of a verdict in his favor, and we had very good reasons for this belief. Acting there upon this, he commenced re-furnishing the mansion, to which Mr. Ashburne objected. Words grew warm, and Mr. Ashburne grossly insulted Olney. Charles, though he hesitated with repeated insult, challenged him, which challenge was accepted, and Bladensburg was again the scene of a duel. The sad result you know.

I regret exceedingly that some of these particulars found their way into the public print. I have used my exertions to suppress such circulation. I send the extract from the Baltimore Sun as being more concise and correct.

Had I known, my dear madam, that matters would have turned to such a sorrowful end, or had I thought that there would have been a probability of such a melancholy occurrence, I would have used my endeavors to prevent it. But I was not aware of the least danger, until it was too late to remedy. The weapons used in the duel were rifles, and the distance, fifty paces. Olney fell at the first shot and expired in a few moments. His last words were of his loved wife, and his prayers for her forgiveness.

The enclosed note I found in a lexicon this morning, with the accompanying tress, with directions that it should be forwarded to your address, should be fall. The directions which he gave me, with regard to writing to you, I have attempted to fulfil. And he bade me tell you that it was his strong love for you that caused all.

Allow me, my dear madam, to tender you my most heart-felt sympathies in this hour of trouble and distress, and my hopes that these sad remembrances may be blotted out in scenes of future bliss. And may these afflictions which are but for the moment, work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

With very great respect,

I am your most humble servant,
GEORGE PATTERSON.

The long letter was at last finished, so full of sympathy and woe. The note remains unread, and though it is shrouded by the veil of privacy and love, yet we will present it to our readers in order that they may appreciate the better, the sad and startling story.

It read as follows:

"My darling Alice:—What can I say to you, except that I love you. Forgive then your erring and sinning husband. Yet I cannot restrain this act, and if I die, I will die, believing I do my duty, and can you not pardon me for this? I would not answer an insult given to myself. I would pass it by with contempt. But I cannot suffer to go unrequited, an infamous insult to the purest creature on earth, to you, my dear Alice. When you receive this, it will be too late for your prayers, but I know my Alice prays for an erring, yet loving HUSBAND."

The sad story is thus told. Alice heard it all without a tear, and save the blanched face and the deep sigh, she was as she was before. She took the raven tress and carefully placed it in her box of treasures.

Children's Department.



THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE UGLY SUCKER.

There grew a little time since, in Mr. Graham's garden, a damask rose. The tree was small in itself, but it used to produce large quantities of very beautiful flowers. Mr. Graham was very fond of his tree; and many a time did he cut its rich red blossoms and send them to some sick person to adorn and perfume his room.

In process of time Mr. Graham began to think that his tree would not keep up its character, and that he would have no flowers. There were leaves and thorns in abundance, but nothing more. At length Mr. Graham applied to a neighboring gardener.

"Why, sir," said he, "this long sucker is doing all the mischief. It has taken all the strength out of the plant, and the sooner it comes off the better." So saying, with one cut of his knife he laid it low.

The truth was, this ugly sucker had for a long time been doing it the greatest mischief: it had taken away all the nourishment from every other portion of the plant and there was not a bud or leaf that did not feel its exhausting drain. And, while it was thus proudly exalting itself, and making a magnificent show, and taking away nourishment from every thing within its reach, it was really good for nothing. Now that the ugly sucker is gone, the rose-bush is as good as it was in its brightest days.

Sometimes a very ugly sucker springs up in the heart and does great damage there. We sometimes see many beautiful flowers in a child's life, such as kindness to companions, and gentleness of disposition, and diligence in study, and efforts to please, and denial of self, until up springs something that injures them all, and they begin to languish and die.

Selfishness is an ugly sucker: it will make every thing else languish; it will take a prominent place, no doubt, alas! only too prominent; it will suck from every thing else to feed itself; and, when it has grown and thriven what has it to show? Nothing but what is disproportioned, without beauty or use. Avoid selfishness, dear reader; there are few uglier and more mischievous suckers than that.

Pride is another ugly sucker: how high it starts up! what a figure it makes! how much it strives to outtop all around! how little does it concern itself about detracting from its neighbor, provided only it can feel itself! It must needs concentrate all attention upon itself. But naughty spirit goes before a fall; and, if any thing is to be done to avert the threatened ruin, the knife must be produced; this pride must be cut down. It will not do to prune it a little at the top, to hope that it will come to good, or any thing of the kind; it must be severed altogether and cast away.

Idleness is another very ugly sucker,—one which I am sorry to say, is by no means uncommon and runs very high. You generally find that there is very little to admire in an idle boy; idleness seems to wither a multitude of good feelings which otherwise might have produced beautiful blossoms. It is hard to be idle without being vicious; and idleness, if it have nothing else to feed upon, will live on a man's soul, and then every thing is in the fair way not only to languish, but to die.

Try your own heart, dear reader, and see whether you have any thing springing up there at all like this ugly sucker. If so, cut it down at once; so long as you allow it to remain, it will dwarf and starve every thing that is good. Pray too, for the Holy Spirit of God to assist you in this blessed work.—*Penny Gazette.*

QUESTIONS FOR BIBLE-CLASSES.

1. What kind of a dinner is said to be better than a stalled ox?
2. What was an Israelite who stole an ox required by the Mosaic law to do?
3. What were the Israelites required to do with an ox that should kill a man by goring him?
4. When was an ox not to be muzzled?
5. A priest of Jupiter brought oxen to the gates of a city sacrifice to two men whom he supposed to be gods: what were the names of the men?
6. Who is mentioned as the owner of one thousand yoke of oxen?
7. Who heaved a yoke of oxen in pieces, and sent through Israel?
8. On one occasion, oxen that were drawing a new cart shook something that was in the cart, and the incident resulted in the death of the driver: what was in the cart?
9. Who disobeyed God by sparing the lives of a number of choice oxen?
10. Whose oxen, while ploughing, were taken away by the Sabeans?
11. With how many yoke of oxen was the man ploughing, who had a mantle thrown up on him by a prophet?
12. On what occasion were twenty two thousand oxen sacrificed?
13. From whom were the seven hundred

oxen taken that were offered as a sacrifice by the son of Manahash?

14. What king had ten fat oxen as a part of his daily provision?
15. How many oxen did each of the princes of Israel bring for a sacrifice of peace-offering at the dedication of the tabernacle altar?

Salad for the Solitary.

With a brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greater name, the other yields the durablest fruit; and both meeting make the best fire.

LINES.

I clasped her tiny hands in mine,
I embraced her slender form,
I vowed to shield her from the wind,
And from the world's cold storm.

She sat her beautiful eyes on me,
The pearls tears did flow,
And with her little lips she said—
"Dad! let me, let me GO!"

HASTY.

"Jones, I say Jones!" exclaims Aunt Fanny, purple with excitement, as she bustled into the parlor, holding in her hands a paper: "aint you a philanthrope man?"

"To be sure I am, Fanny," replied Uncle Dick, as he raised his eyes and peered over his spectacles at his excited partner: "what's up now?"

"What's up now?" almost shrieked his spouse, "why look there," and she thrust the paper into his face at the same time pointing with her right fore-finger to a paragraph: "read that and weep!"

"Well, what of it," asked Uncle Dick, as he ran his eyes over it.

"Oh, you inhuman wretch, you—you hard-hearted sinner, I thought you was a man with a little of the cream of human kindness in you?"

"Why, Fanny, I believe you are going crazy."

"Going crazy," she echoed, "and isn't it enough to drive one mad when such rascally things are taking place, and the cowardly men don't stop'em. I wish I wasn't a woman."

"But what's in the paper to make you act so?"

"Can't you read! Don't it say there: Women and children starving to death, by Morse's Telegraph—Fatal spread of the cholera, by Electric Telegraph—Two hundred and fifty dying a day in New Orleans, by Magnetic Telegraph—Horrible riot in New York, and twenty-seven lives lost, by Telegraph—Terrible fire in Boston; an immense amount of property destroyed, by Telegraph—Welch's circus blown down and life lost, by Electric Magnetic Telegraph—and yet you men sit here with folded arms, and never raise a finger to stay the progress of this inhuman, all devastating and devouring monster—I wish I was a man."

And Aunt Fanny flew out of the room, leaving Uncle Dick wrapped in astonishment.

A witness in a certain court, not a thousand miles from Rappahannock, on being interrogated as to whether the defendant in a certain case was drunk, replied:

"Well, I can't say that I have seen him drunk exactly; but I once saw him sitting in the middle of the floor, making grabs in the air, saying, that he'd be hanged if he didn't catch the bed the next time it ran past him."

A couple of old toppers in some way got into a quarrel, and, for some time, hurled all the approved blackguardism of the pot-house at each other, when one of them determined to extinguish the other immediately, exclaimed, "God, I have no more to say; I scorn you as I do a glass of water."

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to heaven, my son; I have been on the road for eighteen years." "Well, goodbye, old fellow, if you have been traveling toward heaven eighteen years and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

An editor describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat says when the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard.

The following is the new mode of "parsing," down East. "I court." Court is a verb, active indicative mood present tense, and agrees with all the girls in the neighborhood.

Pure love is the sunshine which steals slowly and silently up to the barren hill of life, and stays to bless us with its presence through all life's weary way.

Said a woman to an old maid, "My husband is not so good a husband as he should be, but he is a powerful sight better than none."

In all noble enterprises the ladies are like the electric telegraph—far in advance of the males.

"Guard," asked a railroad passenger, "are you running on time to-day?"

"No, sir; we are running for cash!"

"Oh, that my father was seized with the remittent fever!" sighed a young spendthrift at college.

The ladies never looked plumper than they do this season, and yet every one of the dear creatures is reduced to a skeleton (skirt.)

A man's good fortune often turns his head; his bad fortune as often averts the heads of his friends.

A Western editor has seen a pigeon, with three perfectly formed legs. It must be a stool pigeon.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, and is in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, edited and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information available to the mass of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer.

(From the American Agriculturist.)
ORCHARD AND NURSERY.

Trees and shrubs have now completed their season's growth, and are preparing for the winter rest. The fall of the leaves gives the signal that the time for transplanting has arrived, and the nurseries will soon present a busy scene. If every man who ought to plant a tree, should send in his orders this fall, there would be such a demand as has never been witnessed. Thousands of homesteads need them for shade and shelter. Many farms, perhaps the majority, have no orchard worth the name, and hundreds in the vicinity of cities, who now barely make both ends meet by cultivating grain, might, in a few years, acquire wealth by raising fruit. We urge all our readers who have available space, to at once commence the work of tree planting—raising living monuments that shall long keep their memories green.

Apples for cider-making and for Winter use are to be gathered this month. Handle with care all that are to be kept—every bruise insures speedy decay. Spread them in a cool place to *cure* before packing in barrels. The inferior kinds are valuable for drying.

Cider.—Use none but sound apples for making cider, and see that all are clean and free from leaves, etc., before they are crushed. It is not advisable to use sulphate of lime to keep cider sweet, it makes an unwholesome compound.

Evergreens are best transplanted in May. If any must be removed now, use extra precaution to avoid injuring the roots.

Labels.—Attach plainly marked labels firmly to all trees sent from or brought into the nursery, and also keep a record for reference should the label be lost.

Lands for Orchard or Nursery Planting.—Manure thoroughly, plow and subsoil or trench well drained land, and prepare it for early Fall or Spring planting.

Manure orchard trees by spreading about them a compost of yard manure, muck and lime, or ashes. The Winter rains will carry it to the roots.

Mice are often destructive to young trees, by gnawing the bark. Break up their Winter quarters by removing all the grass, weeds and rubbish from about the trunks. Where these, or rabbits are very troublesome, sheets of thick paper covered with coal tar and wrapped about the trunks, will be a good preventive.

Pears.—Pick late varieties carefully, and lay them upon shelves to ripen. This fruit is excellent, preserved.

Pruning is better performed in July and August, but the present season is preferable to Spring.

Quinces.—Gather and preserve or market as they ripen.

Seeds and Stones of Fruit.—Sow early or put in boxes of earth, the seeds of apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, walnuts, chestnuts, butternuts, filberts, thorns, acorns, holly, beech, ash, maple, etc. Allow none of them to become thoroughly dry before planting.

KITCHEN AND FRUIT GARDEN.

The remaining garden crops, are mostly to be secured this month, before they are injured by frost. Winter Squashes, Cabbage, Potatoes, Beets, and other vegetables are to be marketed or housed, and a general clearing up of the grounds is to be made. Next Spring's work can be greatly forwarded now, by plowing, trenching, spading and preparing manures.—Land trenched now, will be ready for early working next season, and the beneficial action of the elements through the Winter, will be much more effectual by turning it up loosely.

Asparagus.—Make new beds if needed.—Spade up the ground 18 inches deep, and dig in 4 to 6 inches of stable manure. Plant two year old roots a foot apart each way, about 4 inches below the surface. A bed made in this way now, will afford a good supply in one year from the following Spring.

Beets.—Pull before hard frosts, twist off the tops, and if the weather be fair, leave them to dry a day or two before storing. Feed the tops to milch cows.

Blackberries.—Now is the best time for transplanting except in very cold latitudes. This fruit pays large returns in locations accessible to market.

Cabbage and Cauliflowers.—Harvest except those planted latest. Set young plants in cold frames.

Carrots.—Dig, cut off tops and carry to the cellar.

Celery.—Earth up, while dry. Keep the earth from falling between the stalks, by tying with soft strings which will not bruise the stalks. Harvest.

Cold Frames.—Prepare, if not already done, to protect lettuce, cabbage, cauliflowers, etc., in Winter.

Currants and Gooseberries.—Transplant.—Introduce improved varieties.

Fruit Trees.—Plant hardy sorts.

Rhubarb.—Plant roots or crowns of the Linneus variety.

Seeds.—Collect and preserve any now ripening—see that all are properly labelled.

Salsify requires the same treatment as parsneps.

Richmond.

ANDERSON, GREEN & HAVES,
(Successors to ANG ANDERSON & CO.)
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hardware, Cutlery, and Millinery Goods, 101 Main Street, RICHMOND, VA.
Aug. 25—6mp.

CARLTON, CHAMBERLAIN & CO.,
No. 111 Main Street, RICHMOND, VA. Wholesale Dealers in Boots, Shoes, Hats, Suits, Leather, French and American Calf Shoes, Shoe Trimmings, and wrapping Paper, Trunks, Trunks, &c. Also of their own manufacture heavy sewed Breeches, suitable for Plantation and Railroad hands. They keep always on hand the largest and best selected stock of goods in their line, to be found in this market—all of which will be sold on the most accommodating terms.
Aug. 25—6mp.

1890.—FALL TRADE.—DIRECT IMPORTATION.
CLARKSON, ANDERSON & CO.,
No. 101 Main Street, RICHMOND, VA.
IMPORTERS OF HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, AND ANCHOR BOTTLING CLIPS, have received, per ship "Susan Links" direct to this port, their Fall importation of fine and heavy Hardware, and from the manufacturers in the Eastern States, these goods of American make, to which they invite the attention of the merchants of Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina, guaranteeing to sell as cheap as can be bought in any city, North or East. They are also agents for Fausch's "very celebrated" scales, which they sell at manufacturers' prices. Orders shall receive their prompt and careful attention.
Sept. 1—ly.

DOUBLE REFINED STEAM CANDIES.—My factory is now complete, and by the largest establishment of the kind south of Philadelphia, which enables me to offer the trade of

NORTH CAROLINA,
and **TENNESSEE.**
An article of city made Steam Refined Caramel Sugar Candy. Warranted to stand in any climate. Much below the Northern price for an article of like standard.
LOUIS J. BOSSEFF, JR.
No. 80 Main St., Richmond, Va.
mrs31-6m

DIME HOTEL, AND RESTAURANT.
Kept on the EUROPEAN PLAN, 54 Main Street, RICHMOND, VA. Lodging Rooms by the DAY, WEEK or MONTH. WINE, MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
Sept. 1—6m.

1890.—FALL TRADE.—DIRECT IMPORTATION.
INSHER & SHEPHERD, (late Fish-er & Winston) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
No. 125 Main Street, Richmond, Va. offer to country merchants, druggists, and physicians throughout the States of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, a large, varied, and well selected stock of pure and reliable Medicines, Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, French and American Window Glass, Physicians' Outfits, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, Imported Oils of the best quality, choice brands of Chemicals, &c. &c.
They are Agents for many of the most noted and valuable Mineral Waters, which are always on hand—all of which will be sold as low as can be purchased in this or any other market.
They earnestly and confidently invite a call from purchasers assuring them that every article shall be of the best quality.
Particular attention given to every department of the business. All orders attended to promptly and with care.
(aug. 18—6m)

REMOVAL.—DIRECT IMPORTATION.
GEORGE L. SUMNER & CO., Import-ers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in China, Glass and Earthenware, Looking Glasses, Cutlery, Plated Ware, and House Furnishing Goods, have removed to their new store, Iron Front Building, Governor Street, (near Main), Richmond, Va. They have received a continuing and extensive patronage so liberally bestowed upon them at their old stand. We are now receiving our Fall Stock, which is larger and more complete than has ever before been offered in the Southern markets, and which as being ourselves to **SELL AS LOW AS CAN BE PURCHASED IN ANY HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY,** guaranteeing to **deplete bills brought from our respective houses North.**—Our entire stock has been arranged all Summer, so that you can find in the principal European markets, having spent some time in the potteries in England, and visited the principal manufacturers of France, Germany, Prussia, Austria, and the Bohemian provinces. We shall be enabled to offer our goods on the best terms, and respectfully request an examination of our stock and prices, assuring them of our ability promptly to fill all orders, as we have largely increased our trade, and believe we have the very best stock in the country. A call solicited.
Richmond, Va. **GEORGE L. SUMNER & CO.**
Sept. 1—2m.

GEORGE L. BIDGOOD, Bookseller,
STATIONER and dealer in FANCY ARTICLES, of the Book and Tract Depository of the Virginia Conference, No. 101 Main Street, one door below Messrs. Keat, Paine & Co., RICHMOND, VA. keeps on hand one of the largest and most complete assortment of Books, in his line, in the South—and at publisher's Rates. Special attention to orders.
Sept. 1—6m.

J. B. FRIGUSON, BROTHER & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF **DEY GOODS** No. 9, Pearl St., RICHMOND, VA. beg leave to call the attention of the trade to their Fall Stock, *Imported Direct from the Manufacturers.* To prompt six months' buyers they are prepared to offer great inducements. Sept. 1—2m.

ESTABLISHED IN 1828.
KEEN, BALDWIN & WILLIAMS,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in **RECORD CLOTHING** and **GENTLEMEN'S SPECIALTY CLOTHES** No. 102 MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VA. keep constantly on hand the Largest Stock and Latest Styles to be found in the State. Having unexcelled facilities, they are prepared to offer the greatest inducements. Every Article Warranted.
Sept. 1—2m.

PURCELL, LADD & CO., Druggists,
122, Main, Corner 13th Street, RICHMOND, VA. offer for sale, in quantities to suit purchasers,—2500 lbs. best Indigo, 6 bbls. prime Madder, 500 kgs. Sup. Carb. Soda, 100 cases do. in 1 lb. papers, 25 cases Sal. Soda, 500 cases, 500 kgs. Lard, 500 kgs. White Lead, all, 2500 lbs. Cream Tartar, 100 bags sifted Pepper, 300 lbs. all, 500 lbs. Glycerine, prime, 150 lbs. Pow'd Spices, pure 25 lbs. Castor Oil, prime, 25 do. Alcohol, 5 tons "III" Zinc, 500 lbs. Starch, 50 bbls. Burning Fluid, 50 do. Coal Oil, 25 do. Sperin Oil, 15 do. Lard Oil, 50 do. Machine Oil, 40 do. Linseed Oil, 25 bbls. Spirits Turpentine, 4000 galls. Lamp Oil, 200 cases Sweet Oil, 150 do. Extract Logwood, 15 cases Assorted Essence, 2000 lbs. refined Borax, 6 bbls. do. Caustic, 5000 lbs. pure Saltpetre, 25 bbls. Venetian Red, 2000 kgs. French Window Glass, assorted sizes. With a full stock of other articles and patent medicines, Fancy Soaps, Perfumes, Painters' Colors, Brushes, &c., at our usual terms. **PURCELL, LADD & CO., Druggists,**
122 Main Street, corner 13th.
N. B.—Particular and prompt attention to packing or forwarding orders.
Aug. 25—2m.

R. L. DICKINSON, (successor to Bin-ford, Dickinson & Weigert), manufacturer of all kinds of Silk and Fur Hats, and wholesale dealer in Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Children's Furs, No. 78 Main St., Richmond, Va.
mrs31-ly

THOS. M. SMITH, JAMES D. RHODES, G. W. WILSON, W. S. HUNT, SMITH, RHODES & CO., Importers
and dealers in Hardware, Cutlery, Guns, Saddlery, Anchor Botting Cloth, &c. No. 22, Pearl Street, RICHMOND, VA.
Aug. 25—6m.

PHILIP RAHM, EAGLE MACHINE
WORKS, Carey, between 14th and 15th Streets, Richmond, Va. manufactures of Portable and Stationary Steam Engines of any required power, with either Locomotive, Fly or cylinder Boilers; Saws Mills, Circular Saw Mills, Iron or Vertical Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Draining Machines, Shingles, Lathes and Planing Machines, Tobacco Factory Fixtures of every description, and all kinds of castings in iron and brass. The subscriber was awarded by the Virginia Mechanics Institute the First Class Diploma, on the 13th November 1884, for a Steam Engine and Circular Saw Mill, and by the Virginia State Agricultural Society, the premium in 1887; also, by the U. S. Agricultural Society, first prize in 1887; also, by the U. S. Agricultural Society, the Grand Gold Medal of Honor, for the best Portable Steam Engine for farm use. He refers, by permission, to Governor Henry A. Wise, Messrs. Warwick & Barksdale, Dunlop, Monrore & Co., Hazlett, Greenhaw & Co., and S. McGrunder's Sons.
Sept. 1—4m.

RICHARDSON & CO., deal exclusively in, and keep for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, at their Ware-Rooms, No. 65 Main Street, RICHMOND, VA., all kinds of **CARPETINGS, MATTINGS, FLOORS, OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, MATS** Curtain Goods, Window Shades, Table Oil Cloths, Flano and Table Covers, &c. They have made to order Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Curtains and Shades. We have received our Importers for the Fall trade, and are now prepared to offer buyers a splendid Stock to select from, of goods in our line—the assortment, embracing goods from the lowest to the highest prices, that will be sold at moderate profits. In our Curtain department will be found the latest styles of material with all the trimmings, fixtures, &c. of the best kind. Visitors to the City are respectfully invited to examine our stock.
Sept. 8—6mp.

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Sept. 1—6m.

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